

Kent. I know you: Where's the King?
Gent. Contending with the fretfull Elements;
 Bids the winde blow the Earth into the Sea;
 Or swell the curled Waters 'bout the Maine,
 That things might change, or cease.
Kent. But who is with him?
Gent. None but the Foole, who labours to out-iest
 His heart-strooke iniuries.
Kent. Sir, I do know you,
 And dare vpon the warrant of my note
 Commend a deere thing to you. There is diuision
 (Although as yet the face of it is couer'd
 With mutuall cunning) 'twixt Albany, and Cornwall:
 Who haue, as who haue not, that their great Starres
 Thron'd and let high; Seruants, who seeme no lesse,
 Which are to France the Spies and Speculations
 Intelligent of our State. What hath bin scene,
 Either in snuffes, and packings of the Dukes,
 Or the hard Reine which both of them hath borne
 Against the old kinde King; or something deeper,
 Whereof (perchance) there are but furnishings.
Gent. I will talke further with you.
Kent. No, do not:

For confirmation that I am much more
 Then my out-wall; open this Purse, and take
 What it contains. If you shall see *Cordelia*,
 (As feare not but you shall) shew her this Ring,
 And she will tell you who that Fellow is
 That yet you do not know. Eye on this Storme,
 I will go seeke the King.
Gent. Giue me your hand,
 Haue you no more to say?
Kent. Few words, but to effect more then all yet;
 That when we haue found the King, in which your pain
 That way, Ile this: He that first lights on him,
 Holla the other. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Storme still. *Enter Lear, and Foole.*
Lear. Blow winde, & crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
 You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's spout,
 Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown the Cocks.
 You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
 Vaunt-curriers of Oake-cleaving Thunder-bolts,
 Sindrome my white head. And thou all-shaking Thunder,
 Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th' world,
 Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines spill at once
 That makes ingratfull Man.

Foole. O Nunkle, Court holy-water in a dry house, is
 better then this Rain-water out o'doore. Good Nunkle,
 in, aske thy Daughters blessing, heere's a night pitties
 neither Wisemen, nor Fooles.
Lear. Rumble thy belly full: spit Fire, spowt Raine:
 Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
 I taxe not you, you Elements with unkindnesse.
 I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
 Your horrible pleasure. Heere I stand your Slaue,
 A poore, infirme, weake, and dispis'd old man:
 But yet I call you Scruile Ministers,
 That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
 Your high-engender'd Battailles, 'gainst a head

So old, and white as this. O, ho! 'tis foule.
Foole. He that has a house to put's head in, has a good
 Head-peece:
 The Codpeece that will house, before the head has any;
 The Head, and he shall Lowse: so Beggers marry many.
 The man y makes his Toe, what he his Hart thold make,
 Shall of a Corne cry woe, and turne his sleepe to wake.
 For there was neuer yet faire woman, but shee made
 mouthes in a glasse.

Enter Kent.
Lear. No, I will be the patterne of all patience,
 I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?
Foole. Marry here's Grace, and a Codpeece, that's a
 Wifeman, and a Foole.

Kent. Alas Sir are you here? Things that loue night,
 Loue not such nights as these: The wrathfull Skies
 Gallow the very wanderers of the darke
 And make them keepe their Caves: Since I was man,
 Such sheets of Fire, such bursts of horrid Thunder,
 Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer
 Remember to haue heard. Mans Nature cannot carry
 Th'affliction, nor the feare.

Lear. Let the great Goddes
 That keepe this dreadfull pudder o're our heads,
 Finde out their enemies now. Tremble thou Wretch,
 That hast within thee vndiuilged Crimes
 Vnwipt of Iustice. Hide thee, thou Bloudy hand;
 Thou Perjur'd, and thou Simular of Vertue
 That art Incestuous, Caytiffe, to peeces shake
 That vnder couert, and conuenient seeming
 Ha's practis'd on mans life. Close pent-up guilts,
 Rine your concealing Continents, and cry
 These dreadfull Summoners grace. I am a man,
 More sinned against, then sinning.

Kent. Alacke, bare-headed?
 Gracious my Lord, hard by heere is a Houell,
 Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the Tempest:
 Repose you there, while I to this hard house,
 (More harder then the stones whereof 'tis rais'd,
 Which euen but now, demanding after you,
 Deny'd me to come in) returne, and force
 Their scantied curtise.

Lear. My wits begin to turne.
 Come on my boy. How dost my boy? Art cold?
 I am cold my selfe. Where is this straw, my Fellow?
 The Art of our Necessities is strange,
 And can make vilde things precious. Come, your Houell;
 Poore Foole, and Knaue, I haue one part in my heart
 That's sorry yet for thee.

Foole. He that has and a little-tyne wit,
 With heigh-ho, the Winde and the Raine,
 Must make content with his Fortunes fit,
 Though the Raine it raineth every day.

Le. True Boy: Come bring vs to this Houell. *Exit.*
Foole. This is a braue night to coole a Curtizan:

Ile speake a Prophecie ere I go:
 When Priests are more in word, then matter;
 When Brewers marre their Malt with water;
 When Nobles are their Taylors Tutors,
 No Heretiques burn'd, but wenches Sutors;
 When euery Cafe in Law, is right;
 No Squire in debt, nor no poore Knight;
 When Slanders do not liue in Tongues;
 Nor Cut-purses come not to throngs;
 When Vlturers tell their Gold i'th Field,

And Baudes, and whores, do Churches build,
 Then shal the Realme of Albion, come to great confusion:
 Then comes the time, who huss to see't,
 That going shalbe vs'd with feet. *(time.)*
 This prophecie *Merlin* shall make, for I liue before his
 Exit.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Gloster, and Edmund.
Glo. Alacke, alacke *Edmund*, I like not this vnaturall
 dealings, when I desired their leave that I might pity him,
 they tooke from me the vse of mine owne house, charg'd
 me on paine of perpetuall displeasure, neither to speake
 of him, entreat for him, or any way sustaine him.

Edm. Most sauage and vnaturall.
Glo. Go too; say you nothing! There is diuision be-
 twene the Dukes, and a worlde matter then that: I haue
 receiued a Letter this night; 'tis dangerous to be spoken,
 I haue lock'd the Letter in my Closet, these iniuries the
 King now beares, will be reuenged home; ther is part of
 a Power already footed, we must incline to the King, I
 will looke him, and priuily relieue him; goe you and
 maintaine talke with the Duke, that my charity be not of
 him perceiued; If he aske for me, I am ill, and gone to
 bed, if I die for it, (as no lesse is threatned me) the King
 my old Master must be relieued. There is strange things
 toward *Edmund*, pray you be carefull. *Exit.*

Edm. This Curtise forbid thee, shall the Duke
 Instantly know, and of that Letter too;
 This seemes a faire deseruing, and most draw me
 That which my Father looses: no lesse then all,
 The yonger rises, when the old doth fall. *Exit.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Lear, Kent, and Foole.

Kent. Here is the place my Lord, good my Lord enter,
 The tirany of the open night's too rough
 For Nature to endure. *Storme still.*

Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.
Lear. Wile breake my heart?
Kent. I had rather breake mine owne,
 Good my Lord enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentions
 Inuades vs to the skinfo: 'tis to thee, *(Storme)*
 But where the greater malady is fixt,
 The lesse is scarce felt. Thou'd'st shun a Beare,
 But if they slight lay toward the roaring Sea,
 Thou'd'st meete the Beare i'th' mouth, when the mind's
 The bodies delicate: the tempest in my mind,
 Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
 Saue what beates there, Filliall ingratitude, *(Edm.)*
 Is it not as this mouth should teate this hand?
 For lifting food too't? But I will punish home;
 No, I will weepe no more; in such a night,

To shut me out? Poure on, I will endure:
 In such a night as this? O *Rogan, Gonerill,*
 Your old kind Father, whose franke heart gaue all,
 O that way madnesse lies, let me shun that:
 No more of that.

Kent. Good my Lord enter heere.
Lear. Prythee go in thy selfe, seeke thine owne ease,
 This tempest will not giue me leaue to ponder
 On things would hurt me more, but Ile goe in.
 In Boy, go first. You houselesse pouertie, *Exit.*
 Nay get thee in; Ile pray, and then Ile sleepe.
 Poore naked wretches, where so ere you are
 That bide the pelting of this pitiflesse Storme,
 How shall your Houselesse heads, and vnfed sides,
 Your lop'd, and window raggednesse defend you
 From seasons such as these? O I haue tane
 Too little care of this: Take Physicke, Pompey,
 Expose thy selfe to feele what wretches feele,
 That thou maist shake the superflux to them,
 And shew the Heauens more iust.

Enter Edgar, and Foole.

Edg. Fathom, and halfe, Fathom, and halfe; poore *Tom*.
Foole. Come not in heere Nunkle, here's a puer, helpe
 me, helpe me.

Kent. Giue me thy hand, who's there?
Foole. A spirite, a spirite, he sayes his name's poore
Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'th'
 straw? Come forth.

Edg. Away, the foule Fiend followes me; through the
 sharpe Hawthorne blow the winde's. Hump, goe to thy
 bed and warme thee.

Lear. Did'st thou giue all to thy Daughters? And art
 thou come to this?

Edgar. Who giues any thing to poore *Tom*? Whom
 the foule fiend hath led through Fire, and through Flame,
 through Sword, and Whirle. Poole, o're Bog, and Quag-
 mire, that hath laid Knives vnder his Pillow, and Halvers
 in his Pue, set Rats-bane by his Porredge, made him
 Proud of heart, to ride on a Bay trotting Horse, ouer foure
 mecht Bridges, to course his owne shadow for a Traitor,
 Blisse thy five Wiues, *Toms* cold. O do, do, do, do, do,
 blisse thee from Whirle-Windes, Starre-blasting, and ta-
 king, do poore *Tom* some charite, whom the foule Fiend
 vexes. There could I haue him now, and there, and there
 ag ai ne, and there. *Storme still.*

Lear. Ha's his Daughters brought him to this passe?
 Could'st thou saue nothing? Would'st thou giue 'em all?

Foole. Nay, he refer'd a Blanket, else we had bin all
 sham'd.

Lear. Now all the plagues that in the pendulous ayre
 Hang fatred o're mens faults, light on thy Daughters.

Kent. He hath no Daughters Sir.
Lear. Death Traitor, nothing could haue subdu'd
 To such a lownesse, but his vnkind Daughters. (Nature
 Is it the fashion, that discarded Fathers,
 Should haue thus little mercy on their flesh:
 Indicious punishment, 'twas this flesh begot
 Those Pelicane Daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on Pillicock hill, alowalow, loo, loo.

Foole. This cold night will turne vs all to Fooles, and
 Madmen.

Edgar. Take heed o'th' foule Fiend, obey thy Pa-
 rents, keepe thy words Iustice, sweare not, commit not,
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